

Title: Ballad of the Mournful Soldier

Author: Stephanos

It was a dark and dreary day,
When two armies clashed.

Swords and spears rent shields and flesh,
And throats and bellies slashed.

And in the fight, a hero bold,
Brave and proud and strong,
Kept up the fight against the foe,
Though that fight was long.

As the fog of battle cleared,
Under the Golden Sun,
The warrior, he stood alone,
At great cost, he'd won.

The warrior limped off the field,
Soaked in crimson gore,
Past mangled friends and family,
"Never again," he swore.

"This war, it was too long and hard,
So full of tears and strife,
I can't believe I helped to cause,
Such loss of human life."

Hearing the soldier's mournful cry,
The bodies of the

dead,
Rose up as one, and
turned about,
In whispered voices
said:

"How dare you stand
alive and mourn
While we lie rotting
here
We died to bring you
victory,
When defeat was
near.

We did not die to end
all war
We died so we could
win.
Go forth and seize the
spoils of war,
and give them to our
Kin."

The Bodies fell back
into death, leaving him
alone.
He gathered up the
treasures fromt he
field,
And crying, left for
home.